You that chuſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new,
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kiſſe.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receave;
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniverſall ſhour,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no:
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Untill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
To wiſh my ſelfe much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an unleſſon'd Girle, unſchool'd, unpracticed;
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord

Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſerv
Queene ore my ſelfe: and even now, bu
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with
Which when you part from, looſe, or g
Let it preſage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you
Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my v
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powe
As after ſome Oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent to
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſave of j
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when thi
Parts from this finger, then parts life fro
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now o
That have ſtood by and ſeen our wiſhes
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord an
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gent
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from
And when your honours meane to ſole
The bargaine of your faith, I do beſeec
Even at that time I may be married to.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou can
Grat. I thanke your Lordſhip, you h
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as y
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermiſſion.
No more pertains to me my Lord then
Your fortune ſtood upon the Caſket th
And ſo did mine to as the matter falls:
For wooing heere untill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was d
With oathes of love, at laſt, if promiſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k